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No. 8.

## DREAMING LOVE AND WAKING DUTY.

BY A. B. G.

Others—But there, where I have gathered up  
my heart.

Where either I must live, or bear to live:  
The fountain from the which my career runs,  
Or else I die to be discarded there!

Love—Because, my lord of passion,  
My heart is there.

Our life is twined, sleep back its own world,  
The dream, my lord of passion.

My heart that her eyes are broken,  
Chances not her wifely fame,  
If her parted lips have spoken  
Other than her husband's name.

Consider me not vex the sleeping:  
But I must wake her eyes,  
Will, or wretched, to her keeping  
Leave the march of Memory.

Two short years ago they parted,  
He, all alive in love and truth;  
She, all dead, dead, dead, hearted,  
In the shadow of her youth.

Forth he, at the call of duty,  
Forth he, at the call of duty,  
Forth he, at the call of duty,  
Forth he, at the call of duty.

He, for duty, had worth and beauty;  
He, for duty, had worth and beauty;  
He, for duty, had worth and beauty;  
He, for duty, had worth and beauty.

Off, full off, a breathless paler  
Blacked the roses of her cheek,  
As she heard of wretched valor  
On the march of Memory.

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bravely on the sea, as his fathers did  
before him, and taking up with a  
little wax manikin who is too deli-

cate—non d'un pipé!—too delicate  
to handle the net and line, and spends  
his life in making dirt-pies out of  
red clay.

A faint irrepressible smile flicker-

ed on the young man's lips under  
the fair moustache; but Marguerite  
flushed indignantly.

"And if petit Pierre has never  
been stung from his birth, is that  
his fault? Why should he follow a  
calling he is not fit for, to be a drag  
and a burden on others? He works  
as hard as a pros Pierre, in another  
way; and there is no one in the town  
but yourself, grandfather, who does  
not think the little statues he makes  
beautiful?" Marguerite's apron  
went up to her eyes, and I wonder  
you should speak so to him, grand-

father, you who are the nearest  
relative he has."

The old fisherman took off his red  
cap, and bowed with ironical politeness  
to the young man, who stood in his  
former attitude, with his eyes  
downcast.

"Monsieur, my grandson," he  
said, "if I have failed in respect, I  
entreat your pardon. I only wish  
you to understand, look you, that, if  
you come to this house after your  
cousin Marguerite, you waste your  
time—the time which should be given  
to your work of art. She is already  
promised to your cousin and namesake,  
Pierre Delphine." Then, suddenly dropping  
his satirical courtesy, he added, in his natural  
tone, "You hear me, I conclude, though  
you stand mumchance as usual. Mar-

guerite is going to marry a man  
after my own heart, who will fight  
for his country till he drops in the  
ranks, or comes back with a medal  
on his breast."

"And so is petit Pierre going to  
fight for his country, and he is a  
coward!" said Marguerite, but her  
tone now was less assured.

It was but a fine shade of differ-

ence, but it was not lost on the quick  
perceptions of the young workman,  
under whose pale cheeks crept a faint  
red.

"It is not always the biggest men  
who make the best soldiers," he  
added; "Pierre is quick and active,  
and—"

"Ay, ay," said the old man, with  
a grim chuckle; "he will be quick  
and active enough, I warrant you,  
when a retreat is sounded."

Pierre moved at last.

"It is better for me to go now,  
Marguerite," he said, to his love,  
as he passed her, and advanced to  
his grandfather, with hand out-

stretched.

But the old man, who had seated  
himself in his high chair, and taken  
out his tobacco pouch, set his face ob-

stinately, and would not see it.

Marguerite came behind him and laid  
her hand on his shoulder, and said,  
"You will shake hands with petit  
Pierre before he goes, grandfather? Per-

haps you may not see him again."

"I shall tell him again," he an-

swered, with a short grin, "but he  
will be a short time in his pipe."

"Never fear; he will come back like  
a bad dog."

"Well, you will wish him good-bye  
and good-luck? Oh, grandfather, he  
is your son's son—he bears your name."

"Let him see that he does not dis-

grace it," said the old man, grimly,  
but with a shade of softening in his  
eyes.

"Toto! There is my hand, stoop  
he says so much stress on it. As to wish-

ing him good luck, I will give him a bet-

ter wish than that; I wish him good  
outrage!" And with a chuckle at his  
own joke, he put the pipe into his mouth  
again, and took up the newspaper as a  
hint that he considered the interview at  
an end.

Marguerite opened the door for her  
cousin, and as he passed her hand he  
looked at her inquiringly. She nodded,  
and whispered, hurriedly,

"To-night, at the Calvaire, on the  
heights, about nine o'clock, when grand-

father is at the Petit Calvaire."

She watched him as he descended the  
steep, narrow street that led to the lower  
town, and the sea, shadowed by the high  
houses, with great red-brown fishing-  
boats hanging from the upper windows,  
in a grotesque imitation of drapery.

A few yards from the door there  
passed him, coming up towards the  
house, a young man of about his own  
age—a big, broad-shouldered, heavily-

built young fellow, in a brand-new  
uniform, who, as he went waving  
good-bye, with his hand in his pocket,  
and his cap cocked forwardly, gave him  
a patronizing nod and a smile, which,  
with the accompanying glance at Mar-

guerite, in the doorway, was intended to  
express infinite grace and intelligence,  
but which on his stupidly handsome face  
was more a grotesque look of cunning.  
He came on, twirling his black mous-

tache victoriously, and humming the  
"Chant du Départ." But before he  
reached the door Marguerite had disap-

peared, and on entering the kitchen he  
found only grandfather Delphine there to  
receive him.



Start not, husband, from her mothering! Trust her wisely, unfeeling utterance! From a net at her gentle touch: Are of truth and then allow: See Pierre.

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that there is an excitement in battle  
that is like intoxication; you will not  
be able to think of danger—the  
chance of—

"Marguerite, you do not under-

stand," he said, raising his face.

"It is not danger I fear; it is the  
thought of killing, of seeing the  
dreadful deaths, the wounds, the  
blood! Oh, it is horrible!" He buried  
his face in his hands and shuddered  
from head to foot.

"What had become of me," he  
cried, in agony, "if I cannot con-

quer this miserable weakness? What  
is in store for me but ruin and dis-

grace—to be branded as a coward?"

With a faint cry Marguerite put  
her hand suddenly to his lips.

He covered his face again, trying  
to shut out the dreadful thought;

but he was not alone in his ear,  
like the hiss of a serpent in his ear,  
that horrible word "Coward!"

"Pierre," cried Marguerite, des-

pairingly, "do not listen to these  
words. If it is not death you fear, all  
will be well. Think for what it is  
you fight—our dear, unhappy land.

Think of the things that are  
done in the name of France. Think  
of the things that are done in the  
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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1001-1005.

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